

[24/06/08][22:00:58] -

Title: Nocturne Sol Invictus

Author: The Gypsies

Do not forget us, nor
forsake us,

You, Golden Mistress, as
you break free.

Enter we now this frozen
dream,

of cathedral nocturne,
enshrined

by starlight's cold lumina.

This Night of
Sol Invictus,

send we our song unto
the world.

~~~

We sing unto your  
sojourn,

Bring forth harp and  
tambourine,

Lift aloft voices and pray

For the rebirth of the  
Sun.

May your luminescence

Bring with it flowers of  
the field:

Columbine, dandelion, and  
forget-me-not.

~~~

The world lies dark and
expectant--

Awaits you breathlessly,

'Neath winter night's
curled claws,

Our spirits, as do the
ghosts of our breath,

Exhale, await, and rise,

While flora and fauna yet
slumber.

~~~

Hasten thee to wake the  
world from dreamless  
slumber.

Shake winter's frozen  
stars from our hair,

And bathe us in the  
purity of newborn light.

----Adrian Bishop----

The time of Darkness is  
now upon us. A time of  
cold and scarcity when  
the northern-most Earth  
leans farthest from the  
Sun. The Sun gives brief  
light and little warmth.  
The life that was lies

shattered and still -  
retreated like refugees in  
the migration of herds,  
the flight of the flocks.  
The trees stand stripped  
and naked in their  
poverty, imprisoned in ice,  
bowed and broken by

storms. In suffering and  
hardship you learn what  
is essential. Your wealth  
is taken, your weakness  
exposed, your dreams  
perish. Even the God, too,  
dies!

~~~

Yet, all these, as great
and terrible as they are,
are held within another
and far greater darkness.
The darkness which
preceded all. The darkness
from which all creation
surges forth. This is the

pregnant darkness - the
womb darkness - the
darkness of the Great
Mother, She who is the
Source of Creation.

And you, Her children,
She does not forget. You

are not abandoned nor
forsaken. Even now the
Goddess labors to birth
the Sun. Trust the
laboring darkness, for the
time of Awakening and
Light comes. A time when
burdens shall be lifted,

and refugees welcomed.
Grief will be healed,
dreams reborn, and all of
life renewed. The
slumbering animals are
dreaming of it. The seeds
in hardened shells know
the time and push

forward through darkness,
seeking light. Reach with
your life toward the
Mother as She reaches
with unconditional love
toward you, Her children.
The Winter Solstice
promises new dreams, new

hopes and new light...Be
not afraid!

~~~

Spirit of fire  
come to us;  
We will kindle a fire.  
Spirit of fire

come to us;  
We will kindle a fire.  
We will kindle a fire!  
Dance the magic circle

'round,  
We will kindle a fire!  
We will kindle a fire.

~~~

The people in darkness
have seen a great light
and though this light is
yet small, it grows
stronger as it grows in
each of us. We will now
pass the light to you, so

it may grow strong with
the coming year.

Out of Darkness Light is
reborn. Carry the hope
of this moment like a
torch in your hearts
through the coming year.

Let it sustain you in
your times of darkness,
and be a symbol of
blessing in your times of
joy. Let Peace be with
you.

-----Aingeal-----

Thus ends the sacred
poetry and texts honoring
the Night of Sol Invictus.
Fill your hearts with
gladness and turn your
eyes to the light that
comes with the coming
days.